

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. I.

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BY THE EASY CLUB.

“The house of laughter makes a house of woe,
“Yet would'st thou laugh (but at thy own expence?)
“This counsel strange should I presume to give—
“Retire and read thy Bible to be gay,
“There truths abound of sov'reign aid to peace;
“But these thou think'st, are gloomy paths to joy.
“Heaven sells all pleasure; effort is the price;
“The joys of conquest, are the joys of man;
“And glory the victorious laurel spreads
“O'er pleasure's pure, perpetual, placid stream.

YOUNG.

MY last remarks opposed the conduct of the *thoughtless* man, who boasts of wickedness, whilst his conscience reproves him for his duplicity, and whose conduct originates in the fear of being ridiculed, by the worthless and the despised. I now proceed to admonish him who exults in vices, for which he has no constitutional predilection, for the commission of which, if his boasting was well founded, he has no excuse, and whose *professed* contempt of all that is virtuous and good, arises from a *devilish ambition*—opposed by his conscience, which is the source of a perpetual inward strife, and the precursor of an awful punishment.

The reasons already given to prove the impropriety of that *groundless fear*, which produces similar conduct with the *devilish ambition* now under consideration, apply with redoubled force to this part of the subject.

That this ambition must proceed from the worst of all dispositions is self-evident. He who rejoices in the vices with which he is chargeable, boldly dilates with satisfaction upon the guilt which he has contracted, and daringly insults the immaculate purity of heaven with his description of the mischiefs which either his real or pretended

crimes have occasioned in society, is an enemy to God and man—and the Devil's submissive tool. What can be more criminal in the sight of God, than one of his creatures setting all the injunctions of morality at defiance, and openly aiming to subvert the whole system of creation, and the irreversible order of nature? We are too apt to skim upon the surface in all our enquiries into the subjects of morality, and so relaxed is the age in which we live, that the generality of mankind have agreed to discard the good old principles of brotherly love, honesty, &c. &c. and it may be questioned whether in some large communities they would not be entirely banished, did not the God of Providence frequently attract our attention by instances so powerful, so striking, and so much in point, as to be noticed by those even who perversely close their eyes to every thing that is laudable, and say before heaven and the world, “*we will have no God to reign over us.*”

As my former arguments need not be enlarged upon, I shall now notice some circumstances of a more familiar nature, but which will prove to a demonstration the truths for which I am contending—that this *devilish ambition* is criminal in the sight of God—is a crime committed against our nature—is contrary to the happiness of society—and that the causes which produce it are ignoble and unnatural.

It would be proper for all good men to unite in a systematic opposition to those avowed libertines; for I cannot be persuaded but that they act with a regular system—otherwise there would not be so much similitude amongst the honourable brotherhood. If a man of rank amongst these gentry chuses to wear a blue coat—they all disrobe, and the watchword is “blue”—and the same shape and form, however fantastical, is preserved by all the order, to the smallest trifle which can be noticed.

A leading man invents a new oath, and it becomes the cant word of the whole tribe, in as short a time as the yelping of a cur at the head of Market-street will be com-

municated by all the puppy fraternity to the confines of the bridge—and in numberless other articles this general coincidence is peculiarly observable. But I cannot omit the sameness in their manner of relating their vile proceedings. Thus, if you have heard one *blood* narrate his part in a drunken frolick, or his share in a lewd quarrel—you will find the same elegant phraseology, the same obscenity of language, a similar profusion of barbarisms, all united together by a link of oaths the most shocking and gothick that ever disgraced the fore-castle of a man of war. Yet these contemptible stupes, whose thoughts range on beastly gratifications alone, whose rational powers are entirely overwhelmed by the sensuality of their hearts, and whose sole merit consists in the impudence with which they rejoice in their evil practices, and the impunity with which they are permitted to insult their friends, corrupt society, contaminate the circle in which they move, and arrogantly defy the God of Heaven to exercise his tremendous power in their signal punishment, wish to be considered as the only men of honour, and politeness, and to whose *excellent* company none but themselves may be admitted.

When the christian moralist reflects upon a subject of this kind, his dislike to the sentiments and conduct of these *ambitious* mortals is equalled by the pity only which he feels for those, who can permit themselves to be so blinded, as to conceive, that the licentiousness of wild unrestraining youth, or the graver, but not less pernicious vices of old age, should supersede the claims of heaven, the remonstrances of conscience, and the peace and order of society. Did we not see multiplied instances of the most egregious folly daily passing before our eyes, we could not believe that men arrived at mature age, endued with rational powers, blessed with a good education, and favoured with that *best* of all blessings—the *word of God*, should stake the approbation of a good conscience the esteem of the wise, the favour of heaven, and an eternity of bliss, upon the most trifling of all trifles, as well as the most objectionable—the swearing of a vile oath, the boast of being one of a party of swindlers at a card-table—or a glutton at an oyster supper. To what cause shall this common and increasing practice of a man trying to be signalized for his progress in vice be attributed? Candour, I believe, must allow, that it is not an unjust censure to say that Baltimore in proportion to its size is more profane than its sister cities. As vice is of luxurient growth, and as the predominance of one vice is an opening to another, I cannot but attribute many of those evil practices which are the perpetual subject of complaint to the general and

indiscriminate, but odious, and indefensible use of oaths—the profanation of the name of the “Judge of all the earth,” and the prevailing inattention to those religious duties which as they promote the happiness, constitute the highest dignity of man. He, who can call in the “King of Kings” to witness the ribaldry of a hacknied joke, to attest the truth of a jest borrowed from Joe Miller, or to sanction his tale when it respects the vilest of crimes really committed, or of which the perpetration is boasted only, may safely be pronounced not to have “the fear of God before his eyes,” and not to have an abiding sense, if any at all, of the *omnipresence* of that wonderful Being, whose eyes pervade the most intricate recesses of the heart, and from whom no crime however secret can be hidden. When the impression “*thou, God, seest me*,” does not constantly and supremely operate upon the mind, there is no wickedness, however hellish, which may not be expected from those who are not under its influence—and it is incontestible, that the incessant appeal to heaven upon every trivial occasion, as well as the perpetual hurling of ourselves and our friends and acquaintances to the regions of the damned, must obliterate every serious idea, and open the soul to the inroads of that contaminating influence which speedily ingulphs all its powers in an abyss of hateful passions, easily admitted into the soul; but which the sovereign grace of God alone can eradicate.

As swearing is one of the vilest and most useless crimes, so it has the most pernicious effects—by diminishing and stupifying those views of the high authority of God, which are implanted in the human breast. It renders religious duties irksome; the soul is easily seduced into the devious paths of irregularity and disorder, and produces an inattention to all that is valuable in creation, and praiseworthy in our nature. The injunctions of the gospel are express, and admit of no qualification—no sophistry can evade the prohibition against profane language, and no defence can be set up in its behalf. It admits of no palliative upon any one principle, and must be adjudged as unfit for the mouth of decent characters. It is low; it is presumptuous; it is impolite, and unmannerly to the last degree; and the greatest insult to the prerogative of heaven, as well as to those with whom the swearer associates.

These remarks upon swearing, cannot be considered a digression, since I trust, it will appear, in my future attempts to investigate this subject, that much of this assumed greatness arises altogether from the increase of apparent importance, which a vocabulary of impudent curses in the mouth of a boy imparts. The universality of this odious habit makes it the more reprehensible, and no good

Being
shaggy a
carrying
in a pair

man can ruminate on the profanity which incessantly arrests his attention, without having all his sympathies awakened, his commiseration aroused, and his mind agitated to know what effects may be traced to it, and by what means it can be lessened. I have no doubt of its being the immediate progenitor of that inattention to religious duties; and the consequent progressive increase of that particular species of *ambition* which I now oppose.

Milton represents Satan as saying, "Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven;" and I do believe all this class of men, whose conduct I am now discussing, have subscribed to this line, as the first and indeed the primary article of their faith—if not the corner stone on which their whole creed is built.

There is a great number of boys in Baltimore, whose beardless faces, and modest looks might recommend them to the esteem of those who know them; but the volubility and fancied importance with which they pour whole streams of curses and blasphemies down your throat, shews them to be contemptible and unprincipled. I cannot be brought to maintain any respect for that man's religious principles who calls upon God to "damn you," every two minutes; or to heap his wrath upon his neighbour upon every little cross which he may receive. If all the prayers of this kind offered to heaven in the course of one hour in Baltimore were granted, the city would be nearly depopulated. How absurd then must every indulgence be if as some men say, "it is an indulgence to swear until a fit of anger is vomited out of the mouth in a volley of execrations"—which would be attended by effects so injurious and destructive, did the great Arbiter, who sits on the throne of Heaven, in judgement, comply with the request of his creatures. But it is wisely ordered, "the prayers of the wicked," as they proceed from bad motives, and must be subversive of the happiness of society, "never prevail."

But as it would consume too much of your Companion, to shew how this habit of swearing produces that carelessness respecting the most incumbent duties to which, as I presume, may be imputed this inflammation that distorts the mind, perverts the judgment, and is the broad road to hell; permit me to anticipate your patience whilst in your next paper I pursue my disquisition. CATO.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 398.)

Being determined to travel alone, I purchased a small shaggy animal, of a man resident in Inverness, capable of carrying myself and baggage, which latter was contained in a pair of saddle-bags.

The brute I had bought was a female native of Shetland, small, sturdy, and active; but arrayed in such a profusion of blackish hair, that a native of South-Britain would have been not a little puzzled to discover the species of animals to which it belonged.

However, at an early hour, upon one very fine autumnal morning, I mounted my little beast, and took my final leave of Inverness; a place in which I had met with more unaffected politeness, and genuine hospitality, than I have since found amongst the more southern inhabitants of Britain.

The rout which I had determined upon taking, immediately after my departure from Inverness, lies along the southern banks of that western chain of lakes, which run, with a slight inclination to the south, in a parallel line, directly across the kingdom, and their shores and romantic neighbourhood afforded the finest views in Scotland.—Indeed the beautiful is so admirably blended with the sublime, that no description, however bold, however warm, or however flowery, can give one who has not had the gratification of beholding it, an adequate idea of the exquisite scenery to be found in these regions.

Although this truly interesting country is barren and unproductive, when considered in the light of civilization, and rude and uncultivated, when the great benefits of mankind are contemplated; yet to the enlightened tourist, or the enthusiastic artist, it is a perpetual source of delight, and every where presents them with objects of the highest admiration. These will forever rejoice that Nature has left so vast, so sublime, so beautiful a void, if a void it may be termed; for these, perhaps, would rather call it Nature's chaotic retreat, where she dwells amidst her unformed matter, and frowns with disgust upon the petty exertions of man, who in vain endeavours to make her works more perfect. But to proceed.

Soon after I left Inverness, I was directed to quit the beaten road, and pursue one that branched off considerably to my right. The great encroachments made by the grass and moss, upon the almost trackless path, shewed too plainly, that the wandering Highlander, or curious traveller, seldom disturbed the modest flowers which here and there bespangled the grass-grown road, and fully evinced the wild solitude of my route.

After I had ridden about six miles, my attention was suddenly attracted by a collection of large stones, placed in two regular circles upon a small eminence by the side of the road. They bore the marks of vast antiquity, and I had no doubt of their being the remains of some ancient monument, which had been erected in that solitary place,

to the memory of some renowned warrior, who had fallen upon that spot in the glorious defence of his country. As I know this to have been the custom in the early ages of Scottish history, I am more inclined to this opinion than to suppose their being a part of a Druidical temple. This rude monument of antiquity, was formed by two large circles of immense stones, placed perpendicularly. The innermost circle was furnished with six, and the outer one with twelve smaller ones, placed in a reclining manner towards the centre; but if you are not antiquarians, I have, perhaps, already said enough upon this, at least, unimportant subject, and will therefore proceed.

About a mile further, the scenery began to assume the appearance of grandeur; and upon reaching the summit of a small ascent, a view at once vast, sublime, and beautiful, burst upon my astonished sight. A long chain of huge mountains appeared to the north, whose summits, being enveloped in clouds, seemed to reach the highest regions of air, and deter the eager sight from reaching their topmost height. At my feet, I beheld an expanse of waters, so extensive, that their beautifully reflecting surface appeared to know of no other boundary than the horizon, with whose distant mist they seemed to blend; and to my right & left, luxuriant woods extended their many-colored robes to screen the barren nakedness of the rocks, whose heavy base was washed by the murmuring waves of the lake below. Perceiving no living creature, save a few scattered goats that were brouseing or frisking upon the rocky ledges of the mountains, I felt all the ardour of enthusiasm a man is supposed to feel when he discovers an hitherto unknown country, and as I stood listening to the hollow dashings of the waters below, where they had broken their unwearied waves for ages interminable, I felt as if I alone was the lord and master of the universe.

The extensive lake before me was Loch-Ness, whose head, or source, rises at Fort Augustus, and flows through a file of majestic mountains to the neighbourhood of Inverness, where it discharges its waters into the Murray Frith. I could perceive the mazy directions of my road, winding amongst the craggs and woods which adorned the sides of the mountains upon my left; at no small height above the surface of the lake, along whose margin it continued, and by its elevated situation, seemed to promise a rich feast to the eyes of the traveller.

Friend Easy,

I well remember that thou didst, at the commencement of thy paper, acknowledge a relationship with Friends: and I could hope that thy respect for a sober, or-

derly people, has not altogether subsided. I feel, with several others, a strong desire to see preserved on record in thy useful Companion, the annual Epistle from Friends' yearly meeting in England—and have accordingly enclosed the one for the present year, just re-printed. If it be thought worthy of circulation, please insert it, and oblige

SEVERAL FRIENDS.

The Epistle from the Yearly Meeting, held in London, by adjournments, from the 22d to the 31st of the Fifth month, 1805, inclusive, to the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of Friends, in Great Britain, Ireland, and elsewhere.

Dear Friends,

We trust that, through the continued mercy and assistance of the Head of the church, we have not met in vain in this our annual assembly; because, in contemplating the present state of our religious Society, we have been enabled to attend to various subjects in which its welfare is involved, with calm deliberation, with the warmth of love, and with much harmony of mind. Some of the views which have at this time opened before us we shall briefly attempt to unfold to you; saluting you, as we cordially do, in the love of our gracious and holy Redeemer and Preserver. Friends, on all occasions, in every strait, in heights and in depths, seek to him, retire to him; let the advancement of his cause be your primary pursuit; and count it as a privilege inestimable, to be numbered among his lowly-minded followers.

We have received epistles from all the Yearly Meetings of our North American brethren: also one from Ireland. On the American Continent, our friends appear, in their collective capacity, to be steadily pursuing the path of apprehended duty, in the cause of righteousness; and, amidst all the discouragement which they, as well as we in this land, have met with, from cruel avarice, in pleading the cause of the oppressed Africans, it still lies near to their hearts, and a firm, forcible, yet cool remonstrance on behalf of that people has been not long since presented to the general legislative body of the American States. The dismal subject of the Slave-Trade, the source of accumulating misery to Africa, of accumulating guilt to Britain, and of continued reproach to the holy religion, which, in common with our countrymen, we profess, has also claimed our sympathy in this Meeting: and we desire our friends may be individually prompt to entertain for these our fellow-men the sensations of pity, which on various occasions may arise. Where, friends, shall we find a juster cause of regret, than to see a nation professing Christianity, pour-

ing forth from her harbours numerous equipments, not designed to improve and exalt, but to degrade, enslave, and consign to misery those very nations, to which, in recompense for ages of injury and insult, she owes the benefits of brotherly kindness, and Christian example !

The usual accounts which we have received from the several Quarterly Meetings in Great Britain, denote that all are not steadily concerned to walk as becomes the simplicity of our profession. We have been introduced into concern of mind on this account, and have endeavoured to administer some remedy for the complaint ; but we desire also to acknowledge, that we find room for encouragement in the number of lively and judicious friends still preserved and qualified for labour, and of others (thanks to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls) still arising from among our beloved youth. To both these we would say, Hold on your way, and may your hands be strong, as your reward is sure.

The amount of sufferings this year in Great Britain and Ireland is Ten Thousand Eight Hundred and Eleven pounds. Demands of a military nature have occasioned about sixteen hundred pounds of it ; and one friend has borne his testimony by suffering three months imprisonment.

Now, dear friends, hear, we beseech you, the word of exhortation. What hinders the advancement of our Society in its Christian progress ; seeing the holy High Priest of our profession is willing to lead us to complete sanctification ? What, but the carnal mind, operating in various, and in specious forms ? We do not tax all who embark in large concerns in trade, with an undue desire after riches ; but we much fear that the effect, which their schemes are likely to have upon themselves and their connexions, as affecting their condition both religious and civil, is not duly regarded. The love of money is said in Scripture to be the root of all evil ; and we believe it may be shown, that honest industry and moderation of desire are roots of incalculable benefit to the humble Christian. We feel for many of our friends in limited circumstances, in this day of increased, and possibly increasing expence ; but we would caution such, and particularly those who are setting out in life, against imitating the manner of living of those whose means are more abundant. We wish, friends, to call you, not to penuriousness but to economy ; and we particularly desire that all such as have families of children, even if in more affluent circumstances, would inure them to early industry, and not to habits of depending too much on the services of domestics. For this latter, and useful class, we also desire to plead, and to

request those who have the privilege of ability to employ them, to sympathize with them in their labours, to delight to render them happy, and even to seek for that disposition that can lead them along as fellow-travellers in the road to the city of God. Various are the means by which this may be attempted. The principal one certainly is, the keeping of the mind attentive to the discoveries of Truth ; but seeing, we doubt not, that a perusal of the Scriptures is the frequent employ of many families, we desire that the servants may be made partakers of the benefits resulting from the practice, and from occasional opportunities of retirement in spirit. Indeed we are afresh engaged to press upon friends a diligent acquaintance with the sacred Records, and a diligent endeavour to store the minds of their tender offspring with the great truths of Christian redemption. In so doing you may implant, in the susceptible and retentive minds of your children, principles of preservation against the temptations of future life ; and resemble those of old time, who, smitten with the power and goodness of the Lord of life & glory, when personally on earth, are said to have brought, with divine approbation, little children to Christ. Thus imbued with a knowledge of the wonderful effects of heavenly love which the evangelists relate, they will be prepared also to receive his spiritual appearance in their hearts, according to our holy profession ; as well as duly to appreciate, and delight in the records of the Christian faith and practice of our pious predecessors. With *their* history also we think it important that our youth should be more acquainted, than we fear many are. It is a history abounding with examples of what the love of Christ is able to effect, in doing, or in suffering. It is a practical comment on the words of the great apostle : “ Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword ? ” “ Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”*

On the calamitous subject of war, we do not feel much now to say. Friends, you are not ignorant of what adorns our profession, with respect to this subject. Only this would we say, Make it not a topic of conversation. Guard against placing your dependence on fleets and armies ; be peaceable yourselves, in words and actions ; and

* Rom. viii. 35, 37, 39.

pray to the Father of the universe that he would breathe the spirit of reconciliation into the hearts of his erring and contending creatures.

Friends, seek peace and pursue it. Ye are called to love. O that the smallest germ of enmity might be eradicated from our enclosure! And verily there is a soil in which it cannot live; but naturally withers and dies. This soil is Christian humility: a state highly becoming, and indispensable, for a being who depends continually on the vour of his Lord; a state in which of all others he can most acceptably approach his presence; and a state which naturally conducts frail man to love and compassion, for the companions of his frailty and poverty, yet his fellow-partakers of the offered riches of the gospel.

Dear friends, we believe that the Lord's goodness is still towards his people; and that his language to them yet remains to be similar to that, which of old was conveyed by the prophet, "O that there were such a heart in them that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always; that it might be well with them, and with their children for ever!"*

Signed in and on behalf of the Meeting, by
JOSEPH GURNEY,
Clerk to the Meeting this Year.

* Deut. v. 29.

In the year 1797 the Rev. JONATHAN BOUCHER published a volume of sermons on the most important subjects of controversy, at the commencement of the American revolution. He was then Rector of Queen Anne's in Prince Georges county, and is now Vicar of Epsom, in the county of Surrey, near London. It is no doubt in the remembrance of many of the citizens of this state, that he was a zealous royalist, and strenuously exercised his pulpit and his pen in defence of his king. In his zeal against the revolutionists he has attempted a parallel between Dr. Franklin and Archithophel. With his politics we have nothing to do. He succeeded, however, in preaching himself out of America. In the following extract from the appendix to the two sermons on Absalom and Archithophel, our readers will perceive a heavy charge of plagiarism brought against the Doctor, and we are confident they will discover something more than an accidental resemblance between his publications, and those from which they are supposed to be taken.

In a collection of Dr. Franklin's Miscellaneous Pieces, published in London in 1779, there is in p. 72, (what is there called) *A Parable against Persecution*, strongly re-

commended by Lord Kaimes. It had before been printed, again and again, in America; and was frequently quoted by latitudinarians in religion, as a master-piece in its way. Whatsoever be its merit, or demerit, it is taken from a publication well known to Divines, entitled, "*The Liberty of Prophesying*," by Bishop Jeremy Taylor; who says he found it in the Jews' books.

That these surmises of Franklin's plagiarism may not be considered as quite vague and unfounded, I will subjoin his *Parable against Persecution*; which Lord Kaimes (whose ideas of Christianity appear to have been at least as liberal as those of Dr. Franklin,) as well as Dr. Franklin's unbiassed editors, seem to have regarded as an *original*, contrasted with that of Bishop Taylor's, from which I suspect it to have been borrowed.

A Parable against Persecution; in imitation of Scripture language. (Vide Franklin's Miscellaneous Pieces, p. 72.)

And it came to pass, after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun. And behold a man, bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderness leaning on his staff! And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him: Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shalt arise early in the morning, and go on thy way. And the man said, Nay; for I will abide under this tree. But Abraham pressed him greatly: so he turned, and they went into the tent—and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, creator of heaven and earth? And the man answered and said, I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name: for I have made to myself a God, which abideth always in my house, & provideth me with all things. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man; and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness. And God called unto Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger? And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness. And God said, Have I borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and cloathed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldest thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night.

This parable, Dr. Franklin's editor informs us, the Doctor frequently imposed on his friends and acquaintance,

(much to their credit in Scripture knowledge,) as a part of a chapter of Genesis. The Doctor's talents for *imposition* have never been questioned. The reader has now an opportunity of judging, how far he was, or was not, a plagiarist.

From Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

'I end with a story, which I find in the Jews' books : When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down : but, observing that the old man eat, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven ? The old man told him, that he worshipped the Fire only, and acknowledged no other god. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was ? He replied, I thrust him away, because he did not worship thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me : and couldest not thou endure him one night, and when he gave thee no trouble ?

Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment, and wise instruction : Go and do thou likewise, and thy charity shall be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

The Author's Epitaph on himself

[From the same collection of Miscellaneous Pieces, p. 531.]

THE BODY

of

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer,

(Like the cover of an old book,

Its contents torn out,

And stript of its lettering and gilding)

Lies here, food for worms.

Yet the work itself shall not be lost ;

For it will (as he believ'd) appear once more

In a new

And more beautiful Edition,

Corrected and Amended

By

The Author.

Compare this with the following Epitaph by a *young Gentleman of Eton*, and the English translation annexed to it, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Feb. 1736 :

Vitæ volumine peracto,
Hic finis JACOBI TONSON,
Perpoliti Sosiorum * principis :
Qui, velut obstetrix musarum,
In lucem edidit
Felices ingenii partus.
Lugete, scriptorum chorus,
Et frangite calamos ;
Ille vester, *marginē erasus, deletur !*
Sed hæc postrema inscriptio
Huic primæ mortis paginæ
Imprimatur,
Ne prelo sepulchri commissus,
Ipse editor careat titulo :
Hic jacet bibliopola,
Folio vitæ delapso,
Expectans Novam Editionem
Auctiorem et Emendatiorem.

* Two brothers, celebrated booksellers in Rome. See Hor. Epist. xx, lib. i.

ART ELUDED BY ART.

Coracius agrees to teach Socio rhetoric, who promises to pay him what they had agreed for, as soon as he should be master of it. But having afterwards learned it, he refuses to pay him, upon which Coracius sues him. Socio, relying upon the sophistry he had learned, asks him what rhetoric was ? The art of persuasion replies Coracius. Oh ! then says Socio, if I persuade the Judges I owe you nothing, I shall not pay you any thing because I shall have gained my suit ; but if I do not persuade them, I will pay you nothing, because, I shall not then have learned to persuade ; wherefore, I believe, you had better proceed no farther. But Coracius, who knew more than he did, retorted his argument upon him in this manner : Though you should persuade the judges, you nevertheless shall pay me, because you then shall have learned to persuade ; and if you do not persuade them, you yet shall pay me, because you will lose your suit against me ; so that let things go how they will, you must be obliged to pay me.

A ROUT.

Rout formerly signified the defeat of an army, and when the soldiers were all put to flight or to the sword, they were said to be routed. The ladies, in order to preserve some idea of Agincourt, Crecy, Blenheim, &c. have agreed to call their assemblies by the name of routs. This title has some propriety, for at these meetings whole families are frequently *routed out of house and home*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A FRIEND IN LOVE.

Go, fond youth ! and quit thy sighing,
Give thy slighted passion o'er ;
If thy Mira's uncomplying,
Would you still the nymph adore !

There are other beauties, single,
To whom youth, and praise belong ;
Who no doubt, would gladly mingle
With the Hymeneal throng—

Go, then, give thy passion over,
Boast thy freedom, fly despair ;
Tell the little fickle rover,
You no longer see her fair.

CLARA.

*On an Apothecary, who appropriated his profits to building houses,
and who was supposed to be rich.*

Bolus says he is poor, and I firmly believe him,
Although his fine houses bring rents ev'ry quarter ;
For last week one was burnt, and his tenants deceive him,
So what's gain'd by the Pestle is lost by the Mortar.

J. C.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

BY MR. DIMOND.

In slumbers of midnight, the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind ;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danc'd o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bow'rs,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn—
While Mem'ry stood side-ways, half cover'd with flowers,
And restored ev'ry rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy, her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise—
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers bless'd his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flow'r o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall ;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of lov'd ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite,
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse—all hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals thro' his rest—
"Oh God ! thou hast bless'd me, I ask for no more."

Ah ! whence is that flame, which now bursts on his eye ?
Ah ! what is that sound which now 'larums his ear ?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky !
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock...he flies to the deck...
Amazement confronts him with images dire...
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck...
The masts fly in splinters...the shrouds are on fire !

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell...
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mary to save ;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the Death Angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave !

Oh ! sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight !
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss...
Where now is the picture that fancy touch'd bright,
Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's honey'd kiss ?

Oh ! sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay ;
Unbless'd and unhonour'd, down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge...
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow,
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll,
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye...
Oh ! sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! peace to thy soul.

IMPROMPTU.

A LADY'S ANSWER TO A LITTLE UGLY ATHEIST.

*Who, while he was adjusting his Cravat before a Looking-glass,
endeavour'd to persuade her that the World was made by chance.*

Quoth Asmodeus, "The World was, I'm sure, made by
Chance ;

"A Chaotical jumble, Atomical dance."—
No wonder, indignant cries Jane, such a wretch,
A mere Caliban's spawn, a vile Grub, a Jack Ketch,
When he looks in a Mirror, should draw a conclusion
That a Figure like his was the work of confusion !

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